

(2)
C O R I O L A N U S.

A
T R A G E D Y.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Marked with the Variations in the

M A N A G E R ' s B O O K,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

L O N D O N:

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M, DCC, LXXXVI.

Dramatis Personæ.

	AT DRURY-LANE.
Caius Marcius Coriolanus	—
Titus Lartius	—
Cominius	—
Menenius Agrippa	—
Sicinius Velutus	—
Junius Brutus	—
Tullus Aufidius	—
Lieutenant to Aufidius	—
Young Marcius	—
Conspirators with Aufidius	—
Volumnia	—
Virgilia	—
Valeria	—
	Mr. Mossop.
	Mr. SIMSON.
	Mr. DAVIES.
	Mr. BERRY.
	Mr. BRANSBY.
	Mr. BURTON.
	Mr. HOWARD.
	Master J. SIMSON.
	Mrs. PRITCHARD.
	Mrs. DAVIES.
	Mrs. BENNET.



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CORIOLANUS.

The Passages omitted in the Representation are marked with inverted Commas.

A C T I.

SCENE, A Street in Rome.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* **B**EFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are resolved rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, *Caius Marcius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; 'but they think we are too dear.' The leanness that afflicts us, 'the object of our misery,' is an inventory to particularize their abundance; 'our sufferance is a gain to them.' Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against *Caius Marcius*?

A 2

All.

All. Against him first. He's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider your what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well; and would be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end. Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those? the other side o'the city is risen. Why stay we prating here? To the Capitol—

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft—who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'would all the rest were so!

Men. What works, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have



Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
 Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well
 Strike at the Heaven with your staves, as lift them
 Against the *Roman* state; whose course will on
 The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
 Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
 Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
 The Gods, not the patricians, make it; and
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
 You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attends you; and you slander
 The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
 When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared
 for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses
 crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support
 usurers: rep al daily any wholesome act established
 against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily
 to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not
 up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
 Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
 A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
 To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well,
 I'll hear it, sir——yet you must not think
 To fob off our disgraces with a tale.
 But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
 Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it——
 That only, like a gulph, it did remain
 I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
 Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
 Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
 Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
 And mutually participate, did minister
 Unto the appetite, and affection common
 Of the whole body. The belly answer'd——

A 3

2 Cit.

2 *Cit.* Well, fir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
 ‘ Which ne’er came from the lungs, but even thus’—
 (For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
 As well as speak) it tauntingly reply’d
 To the discontented members, the mutinous parts,
 That envied his receipt; even so most fitly,
 As you malign our senators, for that
 They are not such as you——

2 *Cit.* Your belly’s answer———What!
 The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
 The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
 With other muniments and petty helps
 In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then?—Fore me this fellow speaks.
 What then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain’d,
 Who is the sink o’ the body——

Men. Well——what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did constrain,
 What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
 If you’ll bestow a small (of what you have little)
 Patience, awhile, you’ll hear the belly’s answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,
 Not rash, like his accusers; and thus answer’d:
 True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
 That I receive the general food at first,
 Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
 Because I am the store-house, and the shop
 Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
 I send it thro’ the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o’ the brain.
 And, thro’ the cranks and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency,
 Whereby they live. And tho’ that all at once,
 You my good friends (this says the belly) mark me——

2 *Cit.*

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2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Tho' all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of *Rome* are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost.
Thou rascal, thou art worst in blood, to ruin
Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bail.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble *Marcius*!

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,

' That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
' Make yourselves scabs?'

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, ye curs,
That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: ' You are no surer, no,
' Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
' Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
' To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
' And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,

- Deserves your hate; and your affections are
- A sick man's appetite, who deserves most that
- Which would increase his evil. He that depends
- Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
- And hews down oaks with rushes.' Hang ye!—trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
 And call him noble that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
 That in the several places of the city
 You cry against the noble senate, who,
 Under the Gods, keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn, at their own rates; whereof, they say,
 The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?—
 They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines; 'side factions, and give
 ' out

• Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
 enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
 • With thousands' of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pitch my lance:

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For tho' abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
 What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd. 'Hang 'em!'
 They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
 That *hunger broke stone walls*—that *dogs must eat*—
 • That *meat was made for mouths*—that *the Gods send not*
 • *Corn for the rich men only*—With these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, 'a strange one,
 • (To break the heart of generosity,

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' And make bold power look plale,' they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not——s'death,
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes,
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's *Caius Marcius*?

Mar. Here. What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, fir, the *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on't, then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders——

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senators.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us.
The *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion,
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy *Marcius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant. *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, *Caius Marcius*,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on.
Follow, *Cominius*; we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble *Lartius*!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes. Be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The *Volsicians* have much corn; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray follow.— [*Exeunt.*

[*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this *Marcius*?

Brut. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Brut. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Brut. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods—

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Brut. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius*.

Brut. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Marcius*; *Oh, if he*
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,

Opi-

Opinion, that so sticks on *Marcus*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Brut. Come.

Half all *Cominius*'s honours are to *Marcus*,
Tho' *Marcus* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Marcus* shall be honours, tho', indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity he goes
Upon this present action.

Brut. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

' SCENE, *The Senate-house in Corioli.*

' *Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators.*

' 1 *Sen.* So your opinion is, *Aufidius*,

' That they of *Rome* are entred in our counsels,
' And know how we proceed.

' *Auf.* Is it not yours?

' Whatever hath been thought on in this state,
' That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
' Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
' Since I heard thence—These are the words—I think,
' I have the letter here. Yes—here it is.

' They have prest a power, but it is not known [Reading.

' Whether for east or west. The dearth is great,

' The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,

' *Cominius*, *Marcus*, your old enemy,

' (Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)

' And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,

' Those three lead on this preparation

' Whither 'tis bent. Most likely, 'tis for you.

' Consider of it.

' 1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field.

' We never yet made doubt but *Rome* was ready

' To answer us.

' *Auf.* Nor did you think it folly,

' To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when

' They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatch-

ing,

' It seem'd, appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery

' We

- We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
- To take in many towns, ere almost *Rome*
- Should know we were afoot.
- 2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
- Take your commission, hie you to your bands ;
- Let us alone to guard *Corioli* :
- If they set down before us, for the remove
- Bring up your army : but, I think, you'll find,
- They have not prepar'd for us.

- *Auf.* O, doubt not that ;
- I speak from certainties. Nay more.
- Some parcels of their power are forth already,
- And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
- If we and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
- 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike,
- 'Till one can do no more.

• *All.* The Gods assist !

• *Auf.* And keep your honours safe !

• 1 *Sen.* Farewel.

• 2 *Sen.* Farewel.

• *All.* Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Caius Marcius's House in Rome.*

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable fort. If my son were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way ; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I, considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Here me profess sincerely—Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Marcus*, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed thou shalt not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;
See him pluck down *Anfidius* by the hair,
As children from a bear, the *Volsi* shunning him.
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus—

*Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Tho' ye were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.*

Vir. His bloody brow! Oh, *Jupiter*, no blood!—

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood
At *Grecan* swords contending.—Tell *Valeria*,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell *Anfidius*!

Vol. He'll beat *Anfidius's* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. 'What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in 'good faith.' How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship: well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his schoolmaster?

Val.

Val. O' my word, the father's son. I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my tooth, I looked on him o' *Wednesday* half an hour together—He has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; and caught it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it. Oh, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Val. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience. I'll not over the threshold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fy, you confine yourself most unreasonably.—Come, you must go visit the good lady that lyes-in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Val. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*. Yet they say, all the yarn she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come; 'I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity.' Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it.—Thus it is—The *Volsicians* have an army forth; against whom

whom *Cominius* the general is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power. Your lord and *Titus Lartius* are set down before their city *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady. As she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would—Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy solemnness out o' doors, and go along with us.

Vir. No; at a word, madam; indeed, I must not; I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

‘ SCENE, before *Corioli*.

‘ Enter *Marcus*, *Titus Lartius*, with Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

‘ *Mar.* Yonder comes news—A wager, they have met.

‘ *Lart.* My horse to yours, no.

‘ *Mar.* 'Tis done.

‘ *Lart.* Agreed.

‘ *Mar.* Say, has our general met the enemy?

‘ *Mes.* They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.

‘ *Lart.* So, the good horse is mine.

‘ *Mar.* I'll buy him of you.

‘ *Lart.* No, I'll not sell, nor give him. Lend him
‘ you I will,

‘ For half an hundred years.—Summon the town.

‘ *Mar.* How far off lye these armies?

‘ *Mes.* Within a mile and half.

‘ *Mar.* Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

‘ Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;

‘ That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,

‘ To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

‘ [They sound a parley. Enter Senators, with others,
‘ on the walls.

‘ *Tullus Aufidius*, is he within your walls?

‘ I Sen.

- ' 1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
 ' That's lesser than a little. Hark our drums
 ' [*Drum afar off.*
 ' Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,
 ' Rather than they should pound us up: our gates,
 ' Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
 ' They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
 ' [*Alarum, far off.*
 ' There is *Aufidius*. Lift what work he makes
 ' Among your cloven army.
 ' *Mar.* Oh, they are at it!——
 ' *Lart.* Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!
 ' *Enter the Volscians.*
 ' *Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
 ' Now put your shields before your heart, and fight
 ' With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave
 ' *Titus,*
 ' They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
 ' Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my
 ' fellows;
 ' He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volscian*,
 ' And he shall feel mine edge.
 ' [*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.*
 ' *Re-enter Marcius.*
 ' *Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,
 ' You shame of *Rome* you! Herds of boils and plagues
 ' Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
 ' Farther than seen, and one infect another
 ' Against the wind a mile!—You souls of geese,
 ' That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 ' From slaves that apes would beat! *Pluto* and hell!
 ' All hurt behind: Backs red, and faces pale,
 ' With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
 ' Or, by the fires of Heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 ' And make my wars on you. Look to't; come on;
 ' If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 ' As they us to our trenches followed.
 ' [*Another alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.*
 ' So now the gates are open—Now prove good seconds:
 ' 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,

' Not

Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates.

1 Sol. Fool hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they have shut him in. [He is shut in.

[Alarum continues.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Marcus*?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,

With them he enters, who, upon the sudden,

Clapt to their gates. He is himself alone,

To answer all the city.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!

Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword,

And when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, *Marcus*—

A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to *Cato's* wish: not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks, and

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,

Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world

Were feverous, and did tremble.

Enter *Marcus* bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir—

Lart. O, 'tis *Marcus*:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.

SCENE, Within the Town.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.

Enter *Marcus* and *Titus Lartius*, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,

Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would

Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,

Ere

' Ere yet the fight be done, pack up—Down with them.
 ' And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him—
 ' There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,
 ' Piercing our *Romans*. Then, valiant *Titus*, take
 ' Convenient numbers to make good the city;
 ' Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 ' To help *Cominius*.

' *Lart.* Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
 ' Thy exercise hath been too violent
 ' For a second course of fight.
 ' *Mar.* Sir, praise me not:
 ' My work hath not yet warm'd me. Fare you well.
 ' The blood I drop is rather physical
 ' Than dangerous to me.
 ' To *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.

' *Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
 ' Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
 ' Misguide thy opposers' sword! Bold gentleman,
 ' Prosperity be thy page!

' *Mar.* Thy friend no less,
 ' Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell!

' *Lart.* Thou worthiest *Marcus*!
 ' —Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
 ' Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
 ' Where they shall know our mind. Away.

[*Exeunt.*

' SCENE, *The Roman Camp.*

' *Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.*

' *Com.* Breathe you, my friends—Well fought. We
 are come off

' Like *Romans*, neither foolish in our stands,
 ' Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, sirs,
 ' We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 ' By interims, and conveying gifts, we have heard
 ' The charges of our friends—Ye *Roman Gods*,
 ' Lead their successes, as we wish our own;
 ' That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

' *Enter a Messenger.*

' May give you a thankful sacrifice! Thy news?

' *Mes.* The citizens of *Corioli* have issued,

' And

- ' And given to *Lartius* and to *Marcus* battle.
- ' I saw our party to the trenches driven,
- ' And then I came away.
- ' *Com.* Tho' thou speak'st truth,
- ' Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?
- ' *Mef.* Above an hour, my lord.
- ' *Com.* 'Tis not a mile. Briefly, we heard their drums :
- ' How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour.
- ' And bring the news so late ?
- ' *Mef.* Spies of the *Volscians*
- ' Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
- ' Three or four miles about ; else had I, sir,
- ' Half an hour since brought my report.

' *Enter Marcus.*

- ' *Com.* Who's yonder,
- ' That does appear as he were fled ? O Gods !
- ' He has the stamp of *Marcus* ; and I have
- ' Before time seen him thus.
- ' *Mar.* Come I too late ?
- ' *Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
- ' More than I know the sound of *Marcus*' tongue
- ' From every meaner man's.
- ' *Mar.* Come I too late ?
- ' *Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
- ' But mantled in your own.
- ' *Mar.* Oh ! let me clip ye
- ' In arms as sound as when I woo'd ; in heart
- ' As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
- ' And tapers burnt to bedward.
- ' *Com.* Flower of warriors,
- ' How is't with *Titus Lartius* ?
- ' *Mar.* As with a man busied about decrees,
- ' Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;
- ' Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other ;
- ' Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
- ' Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
- ' To let him slip at will.
- ' *Com.* Where is that slave,
- ' Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?
- ' Where is he ? Call him hither.

' *Mar.*

- ' *Mar.* Let him alone,
 ' He did inform the truth. But for our gentlemen—
 ' The common file (a plague!—Tribunes for them!)
 ' The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
 ' From rascals worse than they.
 ' *Com.* But how prevail'd you?
 ' *Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
 ' Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'th' field?
 ' If not, why cease you till you are so?
 ' *Com.* *Marcus*, we have at disadvantage fought,
 ' And did retire to win our purpose.
 ' *Mar.* How lies their battle? Know you on what
 ' side
 ' They have plac'd their men of trust?
 ' *Com.* As I guess, *Marcus*,
 ' Their bands i' the vanward are the *Antiates*
 ' Of their best trust: o'er them *Aufidius*,
 ' Their very heart of hope.
 ' *Mar.* I do beseech you,
 ' By all the battles wherein we have fought,
 ' By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
 ' We have made to endure friends, that you directly
 ' Set me against *Aufidius* and his *Antiates*:
 ' And that you not delay the present, but
 ' Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
 ' We prove this very hour.
 ' *Com.* Tho' I could wish
 ' You were conducted to a gentle bath,
 ' And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
 ' Deny your asking; take your choice of those,
 ' That best can aid your action.
 ' *Mar.* Those are they,
 ' That most are willing. If any such be here,
 ' (As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
 ' Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
 ' Lesser his person than an ill report;
 ' If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
 ' And that his country's dearer than himself;
 ' Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
 ' Wave thus, to express his disposition,
 ' [Waving his hand.
 ' And

‘ And follow *Marcus*.

‘ [*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

‘ Oh! me alone! Make you a sword of me!

‘ If these shews be not outward, which of you

‘ But is four *Volscians*? None of you, but is

‘ Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*

‘ A shield as hard as his. A certain number,

‘ Tho’ thanks to all, must I select from all:

‘ The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,

‘ As cause will be obey’d. Please you to march,

‘ And four shall quickly draw out my command,

‘ Which men are best inclin’d.

‘ *Com.* March on, my fellows:

‘ Make good this ostentation, and you shall

‘ Divide in all with us.

‘ [*Exeunt.*

‘ SCENE, *The Gates of Corioli.*

‘ *Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going*

‘ *with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and*

‘ *Caius Marcus; enter with a Lieutenant, other Sol-*

‘ *diers, and a Scout.*

‘ *Lart.* So let the ports be guarded: Keep your duties

‘ As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch

‘ Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve

‘ For a short holding: if we lose the field,

‘ We cannot keep the town.

‘ *Lieut.* Fear not our care, sir.

‘ *Lart.* Hence, and shut your gates upon us.

‘ Our guider, come! To the *Roman* camp conduct us.

‘ [*Exeunt.*

‘ SCENE, *The Field of Battle.*

‘ *Alarum. Enter Marcus and Aufidius.*

‘ *Mar.* I’ll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee

‘ Worse than a promise-breaker.

‘ *Auf.* We hate alike.

‘ Not *Afric* owns a serpent I abhor

‘ More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

‘ *Mar.* Let the first budger die the other’s slave,

‘ And the Gods doom him after!

‘ *Auf.*

- ' *Auf.* If I fly, *Marcus*,
 ' Halloo me like a hare.
 ' *Mar.* Within these three hours, *Tullus*,
 ' Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
 ' And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
 ' Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,
 ' Wrench up thy power to the highest.
 ' *Auf.* Wert thou the *Hector*,
 ' That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
 ' Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.
 ' [Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the
 ' aid of Aufidius. Marcus fights till they be driven
 ' in breathless.
 ' Officious, and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
 ' In your condemned seconds.

' [Exeunt fighting.]

SCENE, *The Roman Camp.*

Fluriß. *Alarum.* A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, *Cominius* with the Romans; at another door, *Marcus*, with his arm in a scarf, &c.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work, Thou'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it, Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles; Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug; I'll the end, admire: 'where ladies shall be frighted, 'And, gladly quak'd,' hear more; where the dull tribunes, That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours, Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the Gods, Our Rome hath such a soldier!*— Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast, Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,

Here is the steed, we the caparisons!
 Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: My mother, Who has a charter to extol her blood, When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done as you have done; that's, what I can:

Induc'd,

Induc'd, as you have been ; that's for my country :

' He that has but effected his good will,

' Hath overta'en mine act.'

Com. You shall not be

The grave of your deserving ; *Rome* must know
The value of their own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.

Com. Should they not,

Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it,
' And stand upon my common part with those
' That have beheld the doing.'

[*A long flourish, and a shout.*]

May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets shall
I'the field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows
Soft as parasite's silk, let hymns be made
An overture for the wars !—[*Shout.*] No more, I say ;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled.
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which, without note,
Here's many else have done : you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical ;
As if I lov'd, my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com.

Cam. Too modest are you ;
 More cruel to your good report than grateful
 To us that give you truly. ' By your patience,
 ' If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
 ' (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
 ' Then reason safely with you.' Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Marcius*
 Wears this war's garland : ' in token of the which,
 ' My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 ' With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time.'
 For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Bear the addition nobly ever. [Flourish, and shout.

Omnes. *Caius Marcius Coriolanus !*

Cor. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush or no. ' Howbeit, I thank you—
 ' I mean to stride your steed ; and at all times,
 ' To undercrest your good addition,
 ' To the fairness of my power.'

Com. So. To our tent.

Where'er we do repose us, we will write
 ' To *Rome* of our success.—' You, *Titus Lartius*,
 ' Must to *Corioli* back : send us to *Rome*
 ' The best, with whom we may articulate
 ' For their own good and ours.

' *Lart.* I shall, my lord.'

Cor. The Gods begin to mock me.

I, that but now refus'd most princely gifts,
 Am bound to beg of my lord general.

Com. Take it—'Tis yours—What is't ?

Cor. I sometimes lay here in *Corioli*,
 At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
 He cry'd to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
 But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
 And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
 Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, *Titus*,

Lart.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By *Jupiter*, forgot.—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.

Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time

It should be look'd to: Come.

[*A march.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Camp of the Volsci.*

A flourish, cornets. Enter *Tullus Aufilius*, bloody, with
two or three *Soldiers*.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

Sol. 'Twill be delivered back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would I were a *Roman*; for I cannot,

Being a *Volsee*, be that I am. Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I the part that is at mercy? Five times, *Marcius*,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me,

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat. By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't it had; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;

Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle. My valour's poi-
son'd,

With only suffering stain by him, for him

Shall fly out of itself: not sleep, nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,

The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,

Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to *Marcius*. Where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,

Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in his heart, Go you to the city;

B

Learn

‘ Learn how ’tis held, and what they are that must

‘ Be hostages for *Rome*.

‘ *Sol.* Will not you go?

‘ *Auf.* I am attended at the cypress grove:

‘ I pray you,

‘ ’Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither

‘ How the world goes; that to the pace of it

‘ I may spur on my journey.

‘ *Sol.* I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *Rome.*

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Marcus*.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry *Plebeians* would the noble *Marcus*.

‘ *Brut.* He’s a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

‘ *Men.* He’s a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb.’—
You are two old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.—

Men. In what enormity is *Marcus* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Brut. He’s poor in no one fault, but stor’d with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Brut. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city; I mean of us o’ the right hand file? Do you?

Brut. Why—how are we censured?

Men.

Men. Because you talk of pride now—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, fir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; 'for a very little thief of occasion will rob you a great deal of patience.' Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; 'at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to 'you in being so.' You blame *Marcus* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, fir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. 'You talk of pride'—Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh, that you could!

Brut. What then, fir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates (*alias* fools) as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humourous *Patrician*, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: 'said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like, upon 'too trivial motion:' one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. 'Meeting with two such weals-men as you are, ' (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*) if the drink you gave me 'touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it.' I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the *as*s in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend, grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you, you have good faces. 'If you 'see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I 'am known well enough, too? What harm can your 'bisson conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be 'known well enough too?'
B 2

Brut.

Brut. Come, fir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fossit-feller, and then re-journ the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—'When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves.' You are a pair of strange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.—When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying *Marcus* is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of beastly *Plebeians*. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Marcus* approaches. For the love of *Juno*, let's go.

Men. Ha! *Marcus* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cup, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee—Hoo! *Marcus* coming home!

Both.

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night—A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? it gives me an estate of seven years health, in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in *Galen* is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh, no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings a victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*: He comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he disciplined *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that. If he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fdius'd* for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.—

Men. True? I'll be sworn, they are true. Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] *Marcus* is coming home. He has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm. There will be

large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of *Tarquin*, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh; there's nine, that I know.

Vol. He had, before the last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets. [*A shout, and flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of *Marcus*; before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

Trumpets sound. Then Enter *Cominius* the general, and *Titus Lartius*; between them *Coriolanus* crowned with an oaken garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

• *Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone *Marcus* did fight

• Within *Corioli's* gates, where he hath won,

• With fame, a name to *Caius Marcus*, these

• In honour follows *Coriolanus*—

• Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus* !

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus* !

Cor. No more of this. It does offend my heart.

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look sir, your mother—

Cor. Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up.
My gentle *Marcus*, worthy *Caius*, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd—
What is it? *Coriolanus* must I call thee?
But oh, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I came coffin'd home,
That weep'dst to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widowers in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men,

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn—O welcome home;
And welcome, general! And you are welcome, all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy.—Welcome!
A curse begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That *Rome* should doat on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

'*Cor. Menenius*, ever, ever.'

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand and yours. [*To his wife and mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good *Patricians* must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But, with them, change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd,
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: Only there's one thing
wanting,
Which, I doubt not, but our *Rome* will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt in state, as before.*

Brutus and Sicinius, come forward.

Brut. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him; 'the kitchen malkin pins
' Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
' Clambring the walls to eye him.' Stalls, bulks, win-
dows,

Are smother'd up; leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: ' seld-shown flamens
 ' Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 ' To win a vulgar station: ' our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
 Of *Phæbus's* burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
 Were sily crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him consul.

Brut. Then our office may,
 During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
 From where he should begin and end, but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Brut. In that there's comfort.

• *Sic.* Doubt not,
 • The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
 • Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
 • With the least cause, these his new honours; which
 • That he will give them, make I as little question
 • As he is proud to do't.

Brut. I heard him swear,
 Were he to stand for consul, never would he
 Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility;
 Nor shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

• *Sic.* 'Tis right.

• *Brut.* It was his word. Oh, he would miss it, rather
 • Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
 • And the desire o' the nobles.'

Sic. I wish no better,
 Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
 In execution.

Brut. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
 A sure destruction.

• *Brut.*

- *Brut.* So it must fall out
 • To him, or our authorities. For an end,
 • We must suggest the people, in what hatred
 • He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
 • Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
 • Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
 • In human action and capacity,
 • Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
 • Than camels in their war; who have their provender
 • Only for bearing burthens and sore blows,
 • For sinking under them.
 • *Sic.* This, as you say, suggested
 • At some time when his soaring insolence
 • Shall reach the people (which time shall not want,
 • If he be put upon't; and that's as easy
 • As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
 • To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
 • Shall darken him for ever.'

Enter a Messenger.

Brut. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
 That *Marcus* shall be consul. I have seen
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
 To hear him speak. Matrons flung gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs
 Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
 As to *Jove's* statue; and the commons made
 A shower, and thunder, with their caps and shouts:
 I never saw the like.

Brut. Let's to the Capitol;
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
 But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

• SCENE, *The Capitol.*

• *Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.*

• 1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How
 • many stand for consulships?

• 2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every
 • one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

• 1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance
 • proud; and loves not the common people.

B 5

• 2 *Off.*

‘ 2 Off. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne’er loved them ; and there be many who have loved, they know not wherefore ; so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and out of his noble carelessness let’s them plainly see’t.

‘ 1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wou’d indifferently twixt doing them neither good nor harm : but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

‘ 2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country : and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who have been supple and courteous to the people ; bonneted without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

‘ 1 Off. No more of him ; he is a worthy man : Make way, they are coming.’

Enter the Patricians and Tribunes of the people, Licitors before them ; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul : Sicinius and Brutus, as Tribunes, take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin’d of the *Volsians*, ‘ and
 ‘ To send for *Titus Lartius*,’ it remains,
 As the main point of this our after-meeting,
 To gratify his noble service, that
 Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you,
 Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
 The present consul, and last general
 In our well-founded successes, to report

A little

A little of that worthy work perform'd
By *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*; whom
We meet here, both to thank and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good *Cominius*:

Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out—Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ear; and after
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented

Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Brut. Which the rather

We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:

I would you rather had been silent—Please you
To hear *Cominius* speak?

Brut. Most willingly:

But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you gave it.

Men. He loves your people;

But tie him not to be their bed-fellow—
Worthy *Cominius*, speak.

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*

Nay, keep your place.

1 Sen. Sit, *Coriolanus*; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:

I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Brut. Sir, I hope,

My words disbench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,

When blows have made me stay, I fled from words,
You sooth not, therefore hurt not—But your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit Coriolanus.

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one) when you see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his limbs to hear't?—Proceed, *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of, cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : ' our then dictator,
• Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
• When with his Amazonian chin he drove
• The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
• An o'erprest *Roman*, and i'the consul's view
• Slew three opposers ; *Tarquin's* self he met,
• And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
• When he might act the woman in the scene,
• He prov'd the best man i'the field, and for his meed
• Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
• Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. For this last,
Before and in *Corioli*, let me say,
I cannot speak him home—He stopt the fliers,
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem. His sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'the city, ' which he painted
• With shunless destiny ; ' aidless came off,

And

And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Coriolis, like a planet. Now all's his :
 For by and by, the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breath with panting.

Men. Worthy man !

Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours,
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world : he covets less
 Than misery itself would give ; rewards
 His deeds with doing them ; and is content
 To spend his time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble :
 Let him be called for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
 To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I beseech you,
 Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you,
 That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
 Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
 One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't.
 Pray you go, fit you to the custom, and
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,
 Your honour with your form.

Cor.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Brut. Mark you that ?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them the unaching scars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only—

Men. Do not stand upon't.

—We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them ; and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour !

[*Flourish. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Brut. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent ! He will require
them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Brut. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here. On the market-place,
I know they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Forum.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once ; if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a
power that we have no power to do : for if he shew us
his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them : so if he
tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous ; and for
the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of
a multitude ; of the which, we being members, should
bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little
help will serve : for once, when we stood up about the
corn,

corn,
multit
3 C
heads
bald ;
truly,
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o'the c
2 C
wit wo
3 C
man's
' if it
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All.
Men.
the wor
Cor.
I pray,
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corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all points o'the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks—You may, you may—

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me; and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, sir, you are not right: Have you not known the worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, sir—plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace—Look, sir—my wounds—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From noise of our own drums.

Men.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em!

I would, they would forget me, 'like the virtues
'Which our divines lose by 'em.'

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exit.]

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Aye, not mine own desire.

3 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir. 'Twas never my desire yet to trouble
the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we
hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

Bath Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir. There's in all two worthy voices
begg'd.

I have your alms; adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

12 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again—But 'tis no matter.

[Exeunt.]

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of
your voices, that I may be consul. I have here the cus-
tomary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and
you have not deserved nobly.

Cor.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends. You have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2 Cit. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

' Why in this woolvish tongue should I stand here
' To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
' Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't—
' What custom wills in all things, should we do't,
' The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
' And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
' For truth to o'erpeer.—Rather than foul it so,
' Let the high office and the honour go
' To one that would do thus.—I am half thro';
' The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.'

Three Citizens move.

Here come more voices.

Your voices—for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six

I have

I have seen and heard of ; ' for your voices have
' Done many things, some less, some more : ' your
 voices.

Indeed, I would be consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul : The Gods give
him joy, and make him a good friend to the people !

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices !

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation, and the tribunes
Endue you with the peoples voice : Remains,
That in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd :
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus*.

Cor. May I change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company, will you along ?

Brut. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*]
He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people ?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters ? have you chose this man ?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir ?

Brut. We pray the Gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully. He should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could shew in
private ;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he ; *aged custom*,
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore. When we granted that,
Here was—*I thank you for your voices—thank you—*
Your most sweet voices—now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you. Was not this mockery ?

Sic. Why, either were you ignorant to see't ?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices ?

' *Brut.* Could you not have told him,
' As you were lesson'd : When he had no power,
' But was a petty servant to the state,
' He was your enemy ; ever spake against
' Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
' I the body of the weal : and now, arriving
' At place of potency, and sway o'the state,
' If he should still malignantly remain
' Fast foe to the *Plebeii*, your voices might
' Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
' That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
' Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature
' Would think upon you for your voices, and
' Translate his malice towards you into love,
' Standing your friendly lord.

' *Sic.* Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination ; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature ;
Which easily endures not article

' Tying

• Tying him to aught ; so putting him to rage,
 • You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
 • And pass'd him unelected.'

Brut. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves ; and do you think,
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies
 No heart among you ? Or had you tongues to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again,
 On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your sue'd-for tongues ?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece
 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends
 They have chose a consul that will from them take
 Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
 And on a safer judgment all revoke
 Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
 And his old hate unto you : ' besides, forget not
 • With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
 • How in his suit he scorn'd you . but your loves,
 • Thinking upon his services, took from you
 • The apprehension of his present portance,
 • Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 • After the inveterate hate he bears you.

• *Brut.* Lay
 • A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd
 • (No impediment between) but that you must
 • Cast your election on him.'

Sic. Say, you chose him
 More after our commandment, than as guided

your own true affections : and that, your minds
 e-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
 than what you should, made you against the grain
 to voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Brut. Ay, spare us not. ' Say, we read lectures to you,
 How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
 The noble house o'the *Marcians* ; from whence came
 That *Ancus Marcius*, *Numa's* daughter's son,
 Who, after great *Hostilius*, here was king :
 Of the same house, *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
 That our best waters brought by conduits hither ;
 And *Cenforinus*, *darling of the people*,
 And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
 Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
 That hath beside well in his person wrought,
 To be set in high place, we did commend
 To your remembrances ; but you have found,
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.'

Brut. Say you ne'er had don't,
 (I'll not step on that still) but by our putting on :
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,
 Pair to the Capitol.

All. We will so : almost all
 went in their election.

[*Exeunt Plebeians.*]

Brut. Let them go on ;
 As mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
 As his nature is, he fall in rage
 At their refusal, both observe and answer
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come ;
 I will be there before the stream o'the people ;
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE. *The Forum.*

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius
and other Senators.*

Cor. **TULLUS AUFIDIUS** then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the *Volsicians* stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again?

Com. They are worn, lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the *Volsicians*, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town. He is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? What?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be called your vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium*.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there!
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To Lartius.]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth! I do despise them:
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah! what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to go on: No further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com.

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons?

Brut. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens' voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way: He shall to the market-place.

Brut. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Brut. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people; call'd them
Time pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why this was known before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Brut. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Brut. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow-tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,

For which the people stir. If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com.

Com. The people are abus'd; fet on.—This paltring
Becomes not *Rome*: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again——

Men. Not now, not now.

' *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.'

Cor. Now as I live, I will—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardon:—
But for the mutable rank-scented many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and scatter'd
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

' *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.'

Cor. How!—no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
The very way to catch them.

Brut. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a God to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!——

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute shall?

' *Com.*

‘ *Com.* ’Twas from the canon.

‘ *Cor.* *Shall!*

‘ O Gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
 ‘ You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
 ‘ Given Hydra here to chuse an officer,
 ‘ That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
 ‘ The horn and noise o’ the monster, wants not spirit
 ‘ To say he’ll turn your current in a ditch,
 ‘ And make your channel his? If he have power,
 ‘ Then veil your ignorance: if none, awake
 ‘ Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 ‘ Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 ‘ Let them have cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
 ‘ If they be senators: and they are no less,
 ‘ When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 ‘ Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate;
 ‘ And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 ‘ His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 ‘ Than ever frown’d in *Greece!* by Jove himself,
 ‘ It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches
 ‘ To know when two authorities are up,
 ‘ Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 ‘ May enter ’twixt the gap of both, and take
 ‘ The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Who ever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o’ the store-house, *gratis*, as ’twas us’d
 Sometime in *Greece*——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. ‘ (Tho’ there the people had more absolute
 power)’

I say, they nourish’d disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Brut. Why shall the people give
 One, that speaks thus, their voice?

‘ *Cor.* I’ll give my reasons,
 ‘ More worthy than their voices. They know the corn
 ‘ Was not our recompence; resting well assur’d,
 ‘ They ne’er did service for’t: Being press’d to the war,
 ‘ Even when the navel of the state was touch’d,
 ‘ They would not thread the gates: this kind of service

C

‘ Did

- Did not deserve corn *gratis* : Being i'the war,
- Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
- Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusation,
- Which they have often made against the senate,
- All cause unborn, could never be the native
- Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
- How shall this bosom multiplied digest
- The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
- What's like to be their words: *We did request it;—*
- *We are the greater poll, and in true fear,*
- *They gave us our demand;—* Thus we debase
- The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
- Call our cares fears: which will in time break ope
- The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crow
- To peck the eagles.—
- *Men.* Come, enough.
- *Brut.* Enough, with over-measure.
- *Cor.* No, take more:
- What may be sworn by, both divine and human
- Seal what I endwithal!—This double worship,
- Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
- Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
- Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
- Of general ignorance, it must omit
- Real necessities, and give way the while
- To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
- Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
- You that will be less fearful than discreet;
- That love the fundamental part of state
- More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
- A noble life before a long, and wish
- To jump a body with a dangerous physic
- That's sure of death without it; at once pluck out
- The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
- The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
- Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
- Of that integrity which should become it;
- Not having power to do the good it would,
- For the ill which doth controul it.
- *Brut.* He has said enough.

Sic.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! Despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i'the dust.

Brut. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Brut. The *Aediles*, ho! Let him be apprehended.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Sic. Go, call the people: in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. 'Obey, I charge thee,
'And follow to thine answer.' [Laying hold on *Coriol.*

Cor. Hence, old goat!

'*All.* We'll surety him.

'*Com.* Aged sir, hands off.

'*Cor.* Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Re-enter Brutus with a rabble of Plebeians, with the Aediles.

Men. On both sides, more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would
Take from you all your power.

Brut. Seize him, *Aediles*.

All. Down with him, down with him!

'*2 Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

'[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

'*Tribunes, patricians, citizens!*—what ho!—

'*Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!*

'*All.* Peace, peace, peace. Stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak.—You tribunes,

'To the people.'—*Coriolanus*, patience:—

Speak, good *Sicinius*.

Sic. Hear me, people:—Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties;
Marcus, would have all from you; *Marcus*,
 Whom late you nam'd for consul.

Men. Fy, fy, fy!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

All. True,

The people are the city.

Brut. By the consent of all we were establish'd
 The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
 To bring the roof to the foundation;
 And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
 In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Brut. Or let us stand to our authority,
 Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, *Marcus* is worthy
 Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
 Bear him to the rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.

Brut. *Ædiles*, seize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Marcus*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Men. Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.—

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friends,
 And temperately proceed to what you would
 Thus violently redress.

Brut. Sir, those cold ways,
 That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous,
 Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands on him,
 And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here, [*Coriolanus draws his sword.*
 There's

There's some among you have beheld me fighting.
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

* *Men.* Down with that sword: Tribunes, withdraw awhile.

* *Brut.* Lay hands upon him.

* *Men.* Help, *Marcus!* help,

You that be young and noble; help him young and old!

* *All.* Down with him, down with him.'

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the people are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house. Be gone away,
All will be naught else.

* 2 *Sen.* Get you gone.'

Cor. Stand fast,
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 *Sen.* The Gods forbid!

I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a fore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.

* *Com.* Come, fir, along with us.

* *Men.* I would they were barbarians, (as they are
* Tho' in *Rome* litter'd;) not *Romans*, (as they are not,
* Tho' calv'd i' the porch o' the capitol.)—Begone,
* Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
* One time will owe another.

* *Cor.* On fair ground
* I could beat forty of them.

* *Men.* I could myself

* Take up a brace of the best; yea, the two tribunes:

* *Com.* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
* And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
* Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
* Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
* Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
* What they are us'd to bear?

* *Men.* pray you, be gone:

* I'll try, whether my old wit be in request

- ‘ With those that have but little; this must be patch’d
 ‘ With cloth of any colour.’

Com. Nay come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

1 *Sen.* This man has marr’d his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;
 He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
 Or *Jove* for his power to thunder. His heart’s his
 mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever

He heard the name of death.

[*A noise within.*]

Here’s goodly work!

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

‘ *Men.* I would, they were in Tiber!——What the
 vengeance,

‘ Could he not speak ’em fair?’

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
 That would depopulate the city, and
 Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock
 With rigorous hands. He hath resisted law,
 And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
 Than the severity of public power,
 Which he sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
 The noble tribunes are the people’s mouths,
 And we their hands.

All. He shall be sure on’t.

Men. Sir, fir——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry *havock*, where you should but hunt
 With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
 Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:

As I do know the consul’s worthiness,
 So can I name his faults.

Sic. Consul!——What consul?

Men.

Men. The consul *Coriolanus*.

Brut. He consul!

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no other harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Towards her deserving children is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Brut. Meerly awry. When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Sic. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, it is not then respected
For what before it was.

Brut. We'll hear no more;
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further

Men. One word more, one word.
This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find

' The harm of unscann'd swiftneſs, will, too late,
' Tye leaden pounds to its heels.' Proceed by proceſs,
Left parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Brut. If 'twere ſo.—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taſte of his obedience.
Our *Ædiles* ſmote? ourſelves reſiſted? Come—

Men. Conſider this; he hath been bred i' the war
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmoſt peril.

' *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
' It is the humane way; the other courſe
' Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
' Unknown to the beginning.'

Sic. Noble *Menenius*,
Be you then as the people's officer;
—Masters, lay down your weapons,

Brut. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Marcus*, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.

' Let me deſire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
muſt come.

' Or what is worſt will follow.

' *Sen.* Pray let's to him.'

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Coriolanus's House.*

Enter Coriolanus, with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; preſent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes heels;
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of fight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter

Enter Volumnia.

Nobl. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother

Does not approve me further, ' who was wont
' To call them woollen vassals, things created
' To buy and sell with groats: to shew bare heads
' In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
' When one but of my ordinance stood up
' To speak of peace or war.' [*To Vol.*] I talk of you,
Why did you wish me milder? Wou'd you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, fir, fir, fir.

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let it go —

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them, how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something
too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

' *Sen.* There's no remedy;

' Unless, by not so doing, our good city
' Cleave in the midst, and perish.'

Vol. Pray be counsell'd;

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better 'vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the times craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it for the Gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
In peace, what each o' them by the other loses,
That they may combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!—

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
• The same you are not, (which for your best ends
• You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,
• That it should hold companionship in peace
• With honour, as in war; since that to both
• It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies on you to speak to the
people:

Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you to; but with such words
That are but rooted in your tongue, but bastards and
syllables

Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

• Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
• Than to take in a town with gentle words,
• Which else would put you to your fortune, and
• The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required,
I should do so in honour. 'I am in this

• Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
• And you will rather shew our general lowts
• How you can frown, then spend a fawn upon 'em,
• For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
• Of what that want might ruin!

Men. Noble lady!

—Come, go with us, speak fair. You may save so,
Not

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones; (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the softest way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself (forsooth) hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prythee, now,
'Go and be rul'd; altho', I know thou hadst rather
'Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
'Than flatter him in a bower.'

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and, fir, 'tis fit
You have strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence. All's in anger.

Men. Only, fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will—
Prythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I
With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't;
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grind it,

And

And throw it against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't—

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin's voice
That babies lulls asleep! ' the smiles of knaves
' Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys tears take up
' The glasses of my sight! ' a beggar's tongue
Make motion thro' my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then.

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'd'st it from me;
But own thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place,
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.

[Exit Volumnia.]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you. Arm your-
self

To

- ‘ To answer mildly; for they are prepar’d
- ‘ With accusations, as I hear, more strong
- ‘ Than are upon you yet.
- ‘ *Cor.* The word is, *mildly*.—Pray you, let us go.
- ‘ Let them accuse me by invention, I
- ‘ Will answer in mine honour.
- ‘ *Men.* Ay, but mildly.
- ‘ *Cor.* Well, mildly be it then; mildly.’—

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE, *The Forum.*‘ *Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*

- ‘ *Brut.* In this point charge him home, that he affects
- ‘ Tyrannic power: If he evades us there,
- ‘ Inforce him with his envy to the people;
- ‘ And that the spoil, got on the *Antiates*,
- ‘ Was ne’er distributed. What, will he come?

‘ *Enter an Ædile.*

- ‘ *Æd.* He’s coming.
- ‘ *Brut.* How accompanied?
- ‘ *Æd.* With old *Menenius*, and those senators
- ‘ That always favour’d him.
- ‘ *Sic.* Have you a catalogue
- ‘ Of all the voices that we have procur’d,
- ‘ Set down by the poll?
- ‘ *Æd.* I have; ’tis ready.
- ‘ *Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?
- ‘ *Æd.* I have.
- ‘ *Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither;
- ‘ And when they hear me say, It shall be so,
- ‘ I’ll the right and strength o’ the commons, be it either
- ‘ For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
- ‘ If I say Fine, cry *Fine*; if Death cry *Death*;
- ‘ Insisting on the old prerogative
- ‘ And power i’ the truth o’ the cause.
- ‘ *Æd.* I shall inform them.
- ‘ *Brut.* And when such time they have begun to cry,
- ‘ Let them not cease, but with a din confus’d
- ‘ Inforce the present execution
- ‘ Of what we chance to sentence.
- ‘ *Æd.* Very well.

‘ *Sic.*

CORIO LANUS.

* *Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
 * When we shall hap to give't them.

Brut. ' Go about it—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler: He hath been us'd
 Ever to conquer, and to have his word
 Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
 Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
 What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
 With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
 Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd Gods
 Keep *Rome* in safety, and the chairs of justice
 Supply with worthy men! plant love amongst us!
 Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
 And not our streets with war!

Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Lift to your tribunes. Audience; peace, I say.

Cor. First hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
 Must all determine here?

Sic. I do determine.

If you submit you to the people's voices,
 Allow their officers, and are content
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults
 As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
 The war-like service he has done, consider; think
 Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
 Like graves i' the holy church-yard.

* *Cor.* Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter
 * only.

* *Men.* Consider further,

* That

- That when he speaks not like a citizen,
- You find him like a foldier : do not take
- His rougher accents for malicious founds ;
- But, as I say, such as become a foldier,
- Rather than envy you.—'

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then. 'Tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?—

Men. Nay, temperately—Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thine eyes clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers ; I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

All. To the rock with him.

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge :
What we have seen him do, and heard him speak,
• Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
• Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
• Those whose great power must try him ; even this
• So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Brut. But since he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome*—

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Brut. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You ?

Men.

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you—

Cor. I'll know no farther.

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleeing. Pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has,

(As much as in him lies) from time to time,
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o'the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome's* gates. I'the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can shew from *Rome*,
Her enemies' marks upon me. ' I do love
' My country's good, with a respect more tender,
' More holy and profound, than mine own life,
' My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
' And treasure of my loins: then if I would
' Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift—Speak what?

Brut. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the people and his country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,

As

As reek o'the rotten fens : whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
 That do corrupt my air ; I banish you :
 And here remain with your uncertainty !
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders ; 'till, at length,
 Your ignorance ' (which finds not till it feels,
 ' Making but reservation of yourselves,
 ' Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
 Abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows ! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others. The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

' *Ed.* The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

' *All.* Our enemy is banish'd ; he is gone ! Hoo, hoo !

' *Sic.* Go see him out at gates, and follow him

' As he hath follow'd you ; with all despite,

' Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard

' Attend us thro' the city.

' *All.* Come, come ; let us see him out at gates ; come.

' The Gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come.'

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Before the Gates of Rome.*

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. COME, leave your tears. A brief farewell—The
 best

With many heads, butts me away.—Nay, mother,

Where is your ancient courage ? You were us'd

To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits ;

That common chances common men could bear ;

That

That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Shew'd mastership in floating; ' Fortune's blows,
 ' When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
 ' A noble cunping.' You were us'd to load me
 With precepts, that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O Heavens! O Heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman——

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in *Rome*,
 And occupations perish!

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat.—*Cominius*,
 Droop not; adieu.—Farewel, my wife! my mother!
 I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true *Menenius*,
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles—Tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace; and
 Believe't not lightly (tho' I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
 Where will you go? Take good *Cominius*
 With thee awhile: Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance,
 That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee. So, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send

O'er

O'er th
 And lo
 I'the a

Cor.
 Thou l
 Of the
 That's
 Come,
 My frie
 Bid me
 While
 Hear fi
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Men.
 As any
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Cor.

Sic.

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 In his b
Brut.
 Let us
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Sic.
 Say, th
 Stand in
Brut.

' Here
Sic.
Brut.
Sic.
Brut.
Vol.
 The ho

Men.

O'er the vast world, to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well.

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised ; bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch : when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand—Come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home.—He's gone, and we'll no further.

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home :
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

' Here comes his mother.'

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why ?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Brut. They have ta'en note of us. Keep on your way.

Vol. Oh, you are well met.

The hoarded plague o'the Gods requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

Vol.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To Brutus.*]

Vir. [*to Sicin.*] You shall stay too: I would, I had the
power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. Oh blessed Heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for *Rome's* good.—I'll tell thee what—Yet go—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too—I would my son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then? he'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome*!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had!—'Twas you incens'd the rab-
ble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now pray, sir, get you gone.

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in *Rome*; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Brut. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

Vol.

‘*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.—

‘I would, the Gods had nothing else to do.’

[*Exeunt tria vires.*]

‘But to confirm my curses! Could I meet ’em

‘But once a-day, it would unclog my heart

‘Of what lies heavy to’t.’

Men. You have told them home,

And, by my troth, you have cause. You’ll sup with me?

Vol. Anger’s my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding—Come, let’s go;

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,

In anger *Juno*-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fy, fy, fy!

‘SCENE, *Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

‘*Rom.* I know you well, sir, and you know me.

Your name, I think, is *Adrian*.

‘*Vol.* It is so, sir. Truly, I have forgot you.

‘*Rom.* I am a *Roman*; but my services are as you are,
against ’em. Know you me yet?

‘*Vol.* *Nicanor*? No.

‘*Rom.* The same, sir.

‘*Vol.* You had more beard when I last saw you, but
your favour is well appear’d by your tongue. What’s
the news in *Rome*? I have a note from the *Volscian*
state, to find you not there. You have well saved me a
day’s journey.

‘*Rom.* There have been in *Rome* strange insurrections:
the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

‘*Vol.* Hath been! it is ended then? Our state thinks
not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and
hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

‘*Rom.* The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame again. For the nobles receive
so to heart the banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*,
that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from
the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for
ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you; and is almost
mature for the violent breaking out.

‘*Vol.* *Coriolanus* banish’d?

‘*Rom.*

‘ *Rom.* Banish’d, fir.

‘ *Volf.* You will be welcome with this intelligence,
‘ *Nicanor.*

‘ *Rom.* The day serves well for them now. I have
‘ heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man’s wife,
‘ is when she’s fallen out with her husband. Your noble
‘ *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these wars, his
‘ great opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his
‘ country.

‘ *Volf.* He cannot chuse, I am most fortunate, thus
‘ accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my
‘ business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

‘ *Rom.* I shall, between this and supper, tell you most
‘ strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of
‘ their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

‘ *Volf.* A most royal one. The centurions and their
‘ charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,
‘ and to be on foot at an hour’s warning.

‘ *Rom.* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am
‘ the man, I think, that shall set them in present action.
‘ So, fir, heartily well met, and most glad of your
‘ company.

‘ *Volf.* You take my part from me, fir; I have the most
‘ cause to be glad of yours.

‘ *Rom.* Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, before *Aufidius’s house*.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this *Antium*:—City,
‘Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices ‘fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, fir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, ‘beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor.

Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewel. [Exit Citizen.

Oh, world, thy slippery turns! ' Friends, now fast-sworn,

' Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,

' Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise

' Are still together, who twin, as 'twere in love

' Unseparable, shall within this hour,

' On a dissention of a doit, break out

' To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,

' Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep

' To take the one the other, by some chance,

' Some trick not worth an egg. shall grow dear friends,

' And inter-join their issues. So, with me:—

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy's town:—I'll enter: if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give way,

I'll do his country service.

[Exit.

SCENE, Hall in Aufidius's house.

Enter a Serving-man.

1 Serv. Wine, wine! What service is here! I think, our fellows are asleep.

Enter another Serving-man.

2 Ser. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus!

[Exit.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Serving-man.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you. Pray, go to the door.

[Exit.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,

In being Coriolanus.

[Aside.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!—

2 Serv. Away?—Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on. I cannot get him out o'the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow! Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray, you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid, come.

Cor. Follow your function, go
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away from him.*]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master, what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit second serving-man.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows? What an ass it is! then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter Aufidius with a Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou?

Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor.

Cor. If *Tullus*,

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me dost not take me
To be the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the *Volscians'* ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what is thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't. Tho' thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me
yet?

Auf. I know thee not :—Thy name?

Cor. My name is *Cains Marcius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volscians*,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname *Coriolanus*. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; 'a good memory,
'And witness of the malice and displeasure
'Which thou shouldst bear me; only that name remains :'
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me, by the voice of slaves, to be
Whoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I'd have avoided thee; but in mere spite
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrong, and stop those maims
Of shame seen thro' thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
'That my revengeful services may prove
'As benefits to thee.' For I will fight

D

Against

Cor.

Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd ; then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, ' and to thy ancient malice ;'
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh, *Marcus, Marcus !*

Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true ; I'd not believe him more than thee,
 All noble *Marcus*.—Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained-ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters. Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
 As hotly, and as nobly, with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. ' Know thou, first,
 ' I lov'd the maid I married ; never man
 ' Sigh'd truer breath ;' but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou *Mars !* I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot, and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, sitting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcus*,
 Had we no other quarrel to *Rome*, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war

Into

Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leave of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Tho' not for *Rome* itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thy own revenges, take
One half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways :
Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them ere destroy. But come in.
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, *Marcus*, that was much,——Your hand; most wel-
come!

[*Exeunt.*]

* 1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration!

* 2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a false report of him.

* 1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
top.

* 2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him. He had, sir, a kind of face, me-
thought—I cannot tell how to term it.

* 1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were—'would I
were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than
I could think.

* 2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the
rarest man i'the world.

* 1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier than he,
you wot one.

* 2 *Serv.* Who, my master?

* 1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

* 2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

D 2

* 1 *Serv.*

‘ 1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him to be the greater soldier.

‘ 2 *Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

‘ 1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

‘ *Enter a third Servant.*

‘ 3 *Serv.* Oh, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

‘ *Both.* What, what, what? let’s partake.

‘ 3 *Serv.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn’d man.

‘ *Both.* Wherefore? wherefore?

‘ 3 *Serv.* Why, here’s he that was wont to thwack our general, *Caius Marcius*.

‘ 1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

‘ 3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

‘ 2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends. He was ever too hard for him: I have heard him say so himself.

‘ 1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on’t. Before *Corioli*, he scotcht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

‘ 2 *Serv.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

‘ 1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news——

‘ 3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to *Mars*: set at upper end o’ the table; no question ask’d him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with’s hands, and turns up the white o’ the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i’ the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he says, and fowle the porter of *Rome* gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

‘ 2 *Serv.* And he’s as like to do’t as any man I can imagine.

‘ 3 *Serv.*

‘ 3 *Serv.* Do’t! he will do’t: For, look you, fir, he
 ‘ has as many friends as enemies; which friends, fir, (as
 ‘ it were) durst not (look you, fir) shew themselves (as
 ‘ we term it) his friends, whilst he’s in directitude.

‘ 1 *Serv.* Directitude!—what’s that?

‘ 3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, fir, his crest up
 ‘ again, and the man in blood, they will out of their
 ‘ burroughs, like conies after rain, and revel all with
 ‘ him.

‘ 1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

‘ 3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall
 ‘ have the drum struck up this afternoon. ’Tis, as it
 ‘ were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they
 ‘ wipe their lips.

‘ 2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world
 ‘ again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, encrease
 ‘ tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

‘ 1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace,
 ‘ as far as day does night; it’s sprightly, waking, audi-
 ‘ ble, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, le-
 ‘ thargy; mull’d, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of
 ‘ more bastard children than war’s a destroyer of men.

‘ 2 *Serv.* ’Tis so: and as war in some sort may be
 ‘ said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace
 ‘ is a great maker of cuckolds.

‘ 1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

‘ 3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one
 ‘ another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see
 ‘ Romans as cheap as *Volscians*.

‘ They are rising, they are rising.

‘ *Both.* In, in, in, in.

‘ [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The Forum.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:
 His remedies are tame ‘ i’ the present peace
 ‘ And quietness o’ the people, which before
 ‘ Were in wild hurry. Here he makes his friend
 ‘ Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
 ‘ Tho’ they themselves did suffer by’t, behold
 ‘ Dissentious numbers pestering the streets, than see

' Our tradesmen finging in their shops, and going
' About their functions friendly.'

Enter Menenius.

Brut. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O he is grown most kind of late.
Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mis'd,
But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing.
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

' *All.* The Gods preserve you both!

' *Sic.* Good e'en, neighbours.

' *Brut.* Good e'en to you all; good-e'en to you all.

' 1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children on our
 knees,

' Are bound to pray for you both,

' *Sic.* Live and thrive!

' *Brut.* Farewel, kind neighbours; we wish'd *Coriolanus*
' Had lov'd you as we did.

' *All.* Now the Gods keep you!

' *Both Tri.* Farewel, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

' *Sic.* This is a happier and more comely time,
' Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
' Crying confusion.'

Brut. *Caius Marcius* was
A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Brut. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the *Volsicians*, with two several powers
Are entered in the *Roman* territories;
And, with the deepest malice of the war,
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who, hearing of our *Marcus*' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd when *Marcus* stood for *Rome*,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Marcus*?

Brut. Go see this rumourer whipt.—It cannot be,
The *Volsicians* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me—
I know, this cannot be.

Brut. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes—His raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mes. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Marcus*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst *Rome*,

‘ And vows revenge as spacious as between
 ‘ The young’st and oldest thing.’

[Exit.]

Sic. This is most likely!——

Brut. Rais’d only, that the weaker fort may wish
 Good *Marcus* home again.

Sic. The very trick on’t.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and *Aufidius* can no more atone,
 Than violentest contrariety.

‘ Enter another Messenger.

‘ *Mes.* You are sent for to the senate :
 ‘ A fearful army, led by *Caius Marcus*,
 ‘ Associated with *Aufidius*, rages
 ‘ Upon our territories ; and have already
 ‘ O’erborne their way, consum’d with fire, and took
 ‘ What lay before them. [Exit.]’

Enter *Cominius*.

Com. Oh, you have made good work !

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
 To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
 To see your wives dishonour’d to your noses—

Men. What’s the news ? what’s the news ?

Com. Your temple’s burned into cement ; and
 Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin’d
 Into an auger’s bore.

Men. Pray now, the news ?—

You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news ?
 If *Marcus* should be joined with the *Volscians*——

Com. If ? He is their God ; he leads them like a thing
 Made by some other deity than Nature,
 That shapes man better ; and they follow him,
 Against us brats, with no less confidence
 Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
 Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You’ve made good work,
 You and your apron-men ; you that stood so much
 Upon the voice of occupation, and
 The breath of garlick-eaters !

Com. He’ll shake your *Rome* about your ears.

Men.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake down mellow fruit.
You have made fair work!

Brut. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt: and who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: 'for' his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charge him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease'*. You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And coward nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But I fear,
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That *Rome* can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters—
And is *Aufidius* with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast

Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming ;
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
 Which will not prove a whip ; as many coxcombs,
 As you threw caps up, he will tumble down,
 And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter ;
 If he should burn us all into one coal,
 We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
 When I said, *banish him*, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I ; and, to say the truth, so did very
 many of us. That we did, we did for the best ; and
 though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it
 was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things. You, voices !—

Men. You have made you good work,
 You and your cry ! Shall us to the Capitol ?

Com. Oh, ay, what else ? [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
 These are a fide, that would be glad to have
 This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
 And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us ! Come, masters, let's
 home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when we ba-
 nished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all ; but come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Brut. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Brut. Let's to the Capitol—'Would, half my wealth
 Would buy this for a lie !

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

SCENE, *A Camp ; at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman ?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him ; but
 Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,

Their

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end :
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now ;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling ; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him : but either borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Altho' it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry to the *Volscian* state ;
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword : yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you, he'll carry *Rome* ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the nobility of *Rome* are his :
' The senators, and patricians, love him too :'
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. ' I think, he'll be to *Rome*
' As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
' By sovereignty of nature.' First, he was
A noble servant to them ; but he could not
Carry his honours even : whether pride,
' Which out of daily fortune ever taints
' The happy man ;' whether defect of judgment,
' To fail in the disposing of those chances,
' Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,

' Not

' Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 ' From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 ' Even with the same austerity and garb
 ' As he controll'd the war: But one of these,
 ' (As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 ' For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
 ' So hated, and so banish'd.' But he has a merit,
 ' To choak it in the utterance. ' So our virtues
 ' Lie in the interpretation of the time;
 ' And power, unto itself most commendable,
 ' Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair
 ' To extol what it hath done.
 ' One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 ' Right's by right fowler, strengths by strengths do fail.'
 Come, let's away. When, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
 Thou art poor-ft of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt*,

A C T V.

SCENE, *A public Place in Rome.*

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, with others.

Men. NO, I'll not go. You hear what he hath said,
 Which was sometime his general, who lov'd
 him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father;
 But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
 To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
 He would not answer to; forbad all names;
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
 Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
 Of burning *Rome*.

Men.

CORIOLANUS.

89

Men. Why, so: You have made good work:
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome*,
To make coals cheap. A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When least it was expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisom musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countrymen.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Brut. Only make trial what your love can do
For *Rome*, towards *Marcus*.

Men. Well, and say, that *Marcus*

Return'd me, as *Cominius* is return'd,

Unheard—what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from *Rome*, after the measure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,

And

And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
 He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
 The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt
 To give or forgive; but when we have stuff'd
 These pipes, and these conveyances of blood,
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
 Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore, I'll watch him
 'Till he be dieted to my request,
 And then I'll set upon him.

Brut. You know the very road into his kindness,
 And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
 Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
 Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold; his eye
 Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his injury
 The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
 'Twas very faintly he said, *rise*; dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
 He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
 Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
 So that all hope is vain;
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The Volscian Camp.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch, or Guard.

1 Watch. Stay. Whence are you?

2 Watch. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men: 'Tis well—But by your
 leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with *Coriolanus*.

1 Watch. Whence?

Men. From *Rome*.

1 Watch.

1 *Watch*. You may not pass, you must return : our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch*. You'll see your *Rome* embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.'

Men. Good, my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of *Rome*,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name has touch'd your ears—it is *Menenius*.

1 *Watch*. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;

For I have ever verified my friends

(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity

Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing.' Therefore, fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *Watch*. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf as you have utter'd words in your own, you
should not pass here : ' no, though it were as virtuous to
lie, as to live chastely.' Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Menenius* ; always factionary of the party of your general.

2 *Watch*. Howsoever you have been his liar (as you
say you have) I am one that, telling true under him,
must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.'

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell ? for I would not
speak with him till after dinner.

1 *Watch*. You are a *Roman*, are you ?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *Watch*. Then you should hate *Rome* as he does.—
Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the
very defender of them, and, in a violent popular igno-
rance, given your enemy your shield, think to front
his

his revenges, with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such a weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution. You are condemned; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy general.

1 Watch. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back, that's the utmost of your having:—Back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus, 'with Aufidius.'

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you. You shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a Jack garden cannot office me from my son *Coriolanus*: Guess by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering. Behold now presently; and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does! Oh, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee——

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs are servanted to others: Tho' I owe My revenge properly, remission lies

In *Volscian* breasts. That we have been familiar,
 Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
 Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
 Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives him a letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
 I will not hear thee speak.—' This man, *Aufidius*,

' Was my belov'd in *Rome*: yet thou beholdst—

' *Auf.* You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt.]

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, sir, is your name *Menenius*?

' 2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You
 know the way home again.

' 1 *Watch.* Do you hear, how we are shent for keeping
 your greatness back?

' 2 *Watch.* What cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general.
 For such things as you, I can scarce think there's any,
 you are so slight. He, that hath a will to die by himself,
 fears it not from another; let your general do his worst.
 ' For you, be what you are, long; and your misery in-
 crease with your age!' I say to you, as I was said to,
 Away!

[Exit.]

' 1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

' 2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general.

' He is the rock, the oak, not to be wind-shaken.'

[Exeunt.]

SCENE.

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow
 Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
 You must report to the *Volscian* lords, how plainly
 I have born this business.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected; stopt
 Your ears against the general suit of *Rome*;
 Never admitted private whisper, no,
 Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
 Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to *Rome*,

Lov'd

Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
 Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
 Was to send him: for whose old love, I have,
 ('Tho' I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
 The first conditions, which they did refuse,
 And cannot now accept: to grace him only,
 That thought he could do more, a very little
 I have yielded to. Fresh embassies, and suits,
 Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
 In the same time 'tis made? I will not—

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius, with
 Attendants, all in mourning.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
 The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
 All bond and privilege of nature break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. [Virgilia *courtesies*.
 What is that curtsy worth? or those dove's eyes,
 Which can make Gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,

[Volumnia bows.]

As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should
 In supplication nod: and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great Nature cries—*Deny not*. Let the *Volscians*
 Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. Those eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome*.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
 Makes you think so.

Cor. 'Like a dull actor now,

'I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 'Even to a full disgrace.'—Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
 For that, *forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss,

Long

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kifs
 I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since,—You Gods! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i'the earth; [*Kneels.*
 Of thy deep duty more impressiō shew
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest!

Cor. Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee; and improperly
 Shew duty as mistaken all the while [*Kneels.*
 Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?

Cor. Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillop the stars: then, let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.'

Vol. Thou art my warrior:

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
 [*Pointing to Valeria.*

Cor. The noble sister of *Poplicola*,
 The moon of *Rome*: chaste as the icicle,
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on *Dian's* temple. Dear *Valeria*!—

Vol. This is a poor epitomy of yours,
 [*Shewing Young Marcius.*

Which by the interpretation of full time
 May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The God of soldiers,
 With the consent of supreme *Jove*, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
 And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, firrah.

Cor. What's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself
 Are suitors to you.

Cor.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
 Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;
 The thing, I have forsworn to grant, may never
 Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
 Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
 Again with *Rome's* mechanics :—Tell me not,
 Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
 To allay my ravages and revenges, with
 Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more ! no more !
 You have said, you will not grant us any thing :
 For we have nothing else to ask, but that
 Which you deny already. Yet we will ask,
 That if we fail in our request, the blame
 May hang upon your hardness.—Therefore, hear us.
Cor. *Aufidius*, and you *Volscians*, mark ; for we'll
 Hear nought from *Rome* in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
 And state of bodies would bewray what life
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
 How more unfortunate than all living women
 Are we come hither ; since thy sight, which should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
 Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
 Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
 Thine enmity's most capital : Thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy. For ' how can we,
 ' Alas ! how can we, for our country pray,
 ' Whereto we are bound : together with thy victory,
 ' Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
 ' The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
 ' Our comfort in the country.' We must find
 A evident calamity, tho' we had
 Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles thro' our streets ; or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
 And bear the palm for having bravely shed

Thy

Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 ' I purpose not to wait on Fortune, 'till
 ' These wars determine.' If I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one ; thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

' *Boy.* He shall not tread on me :
 ' I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight !'

Cor. Not of a woman's tendernefs to be,
 Requires, nor child, nor woman's face to see,
 I have fat too long.—

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy
 The *Volscians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour. No: our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the *Volscians*
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd* ; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd ; and each in either side
 Give the all hail to thee ; and cry, *Be blest*
For making up this peace ! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain : but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit,
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhor'd. Speak to me, son :
 ' Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 ' To imitate the graces of the Gods ;
 ' To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
 ' And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt,
 ' That should but rive an oak.' Why dost not speak ?
 Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speak you :

He

He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy :
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother, yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i'the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she, (poor hen) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.

[*All kneel.*]

To his surname *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : and end ;
 This is the last :—So we will home to *Rome*,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go.
 This fellow had a *Volscian* to his mother ;
 His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch.
 I am hush'd, until our city be afire ;
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother !—

[*Holds her by the hands silent.*]

What have you done ? Behold the hav'ns do ope,
 The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother ! oh !
 You have won a happy victory to *Rome* :
 But for your son—believe it, oh, believe it—
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—
Aufidius, tho' I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less ? or granted less, *Aufidius* ?

Auf.

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were;

And, sir, it is no little thing to make

Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,

'What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,

'I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you; and pray you,

'Stand to me in this cause.' O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee; out of that I'll work

Myself a former fortune.

[*Aside.*

[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

'But we will drink together;' and you shall bear

[*To Vol. Vir. &c.*

A better witness back than words, which we,

On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.

'Come, enter with us,'—Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you: all the swords

In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Forum in Rome.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yon' coign o' the Capitol, yon' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some] hope the ladies of *Rome*, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This *Marcus* is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like

like

Auf.

like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in state as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark, what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that shall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mef. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevailed.

The *Volscians* are dislodg'd, and *Marcus* gone;
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not the expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,
Art certain, this is true? Is it most certain?

Mef. As certain, as I know the sun is fire.
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er thro' an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted thro' the gates, Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and shouts.*

The trumpets, 'sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
'Tabors and cymbals,' and the shouting *Romans*
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news;
I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day;
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have giv'n a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Sound still with the shouts.]

Sic. First, the Gods blefs you for your tidings; next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, passing over the stage,
 with other Lords.*

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome;

Call all our tribes together, praise the Gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them;

Unshout the noise, that banish'd *Marcus*;

Repeal him with the welcome of his mother.

Cry,—welcome, ladies, welcome!— *[Exeunt.]*

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[A flourish with drums and trumpets.]

SCENE, *A public place in Antium.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here;
 Deliver them this paper; having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,
 The city-ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words. Dispatch.—Most
 welcome!

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,

If yet you hold the same intent, wherein

E

You

You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits

A good construction. 'I rais'd him, and I pawn'd

' Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,

' He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,

' Seducing so my friends: and to this end,

' He bow'd his nature, never known before

' But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

' *3 Con.* Sir, his stoutness,

' When he did stand for consul, which he lost

' By lack of stooping—

' *Auf.* That I would have spoke of.'

Being banish'd *Rome*, he came unto my hearth;

Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;

Made him joint servant with me; gave him way

In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse

Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,

My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments

In mine own person; holpe to reap the fame,

Which he did end all his; and took some pride

To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,

I seem'd his follower, not partner; and

He wag'd me with his countenance, as if

I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord:

The army marvell'd at it. And, at last,

When he had carry'd *Rome*, and that we look'd

For no less spoil than glory—

Auf. There was it—

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are

As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour

Of our great action—Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcome home; but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
' Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
' With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
' Ere he expresses himself, or move the people
' With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
' Which we will second. When he lies along,
' After your way his tale pronounc'd, shall bury
' His reasons with his body.'

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, you have with heed perus'd
What I have written to you.

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines; but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drums and colours.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,

Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the *Antiates*,
Than shame to the *Romans*: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now!—

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Marcus*.

Cor. *Marcus*!

Auf. Ay, *Marcus*, *Caius Marcus*: Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in *Corioli*?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*,
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war: but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering at each other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, *Mars*!—

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of tears!—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volsicians*, men and lads,

Stain

Stain all your edges in me.—Boy! False hound!
 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
 That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
 Flutter'd your *Volsians* in *Corioli*:
 Alone I did it.—Boy!—

Auf. Why, noble lords,
 Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
 Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart
 'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

' *All People.* Tear him to pieces; do it presently.

' [*The crowd speak promiscuously.*]

' He kill'd my son—my daughter—kill'd my cousin

' *Marcus—*

' He kill'd my father—'

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage—peace.—
 The man is noble, and his fame folds in
 This orb o'th' earth: His last offences to us
 Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, *Aufidius*,
 And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
 With six *Aufidius*'s, or more, his tribe,
 To use my lawful sword—

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The Conspirators all draw, and kill Marcus;
 who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

' *1 Lord.* O *Tullus*—

' *2 Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat

' Valour will weep.

' *3 Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;

' Put up your swords.

' *Auf.* My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage
 Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
 Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
 That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
 To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
 Myself your loyal servant, or endure
 Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him—Let him be regarded
As the most noble corpse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
'Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame.
'Let's make the best of it.'

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up—
Help, three o'the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully—
Trail your steel pikes.—Tho' in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

'*Exit.*'

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead
march sounded.*]



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